King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then brother *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To you this honourable bountie ſhall belong,
Goe to the *Dowglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure ranſomeleſſe and free.
His valour ſhewne vpon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deedes,
Euen in the boſome of our aduerſaries.
King. Then this remaines that we diuide our Power:
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Coſin *Weſtmerland*,
Toward *Yorke* ſhall bend you with your deareſt ſpeede,
To meete *Northumberland* and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe and you, Sonne *Harry*, will toward *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of *March*.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

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